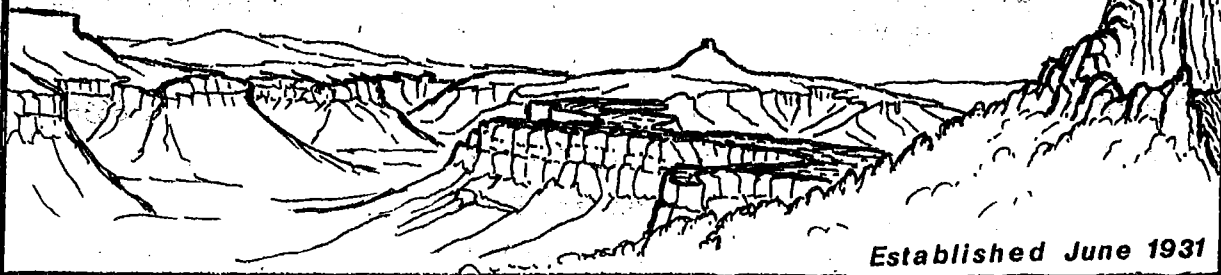


THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER



Established June 1931

PIGEON HOUSE

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to The Sydney Bush Walkers Incorporated, Box 4476 GPO, Sydney 2001. Club meetings are held every Wednesday evening from 7.45 pm at the Ella Community Centre, 58a Dalhousie Street, Haberfield (next door to the Post Office). Prospective members and visitors are invited to visit the Club any Wednesday. To advertise in this magazine please contact the Business Manager.

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MARCH 1990

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S.B.W. OFFICE BEARERS & COMMITTEE 1990

The following Office Bearers and Committee Members as well as other Club workers were elected at the Annual General Meeting of the Club held on Wednesday, 14th March, 1990:-

President	*	Bill Holland	484 6636
Vice-President	*	Kenn Clacher	
Public Officer	*	Barbara Bruce	
Treasurer	*	Tony Marshall	713 6985
Secretary	*	Patrick James	588 2614
Walks Secretary	*	Maurie Bloom	
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Conservation Secretary	*	Alex Colley	44 2707
Magazine Editor	*	Morag Ryder	
2 Committee Members	*	Wendy Lippiatt	
	*	Michelle Powell	
2 Delegates to Confederation	*	John Porter	
	*	Deborah Shapira	

2 Confederation Delegates (not on Committee)		Gordon Lee	
		Kay Chan	
Magazine Business Manager	-	This position is no longer necessary - the duties are carried out by the Treasurer and the Printer	
Magazine Production Manager		Helen Gray	
Printers		Kenn Clacher, Les Powell & Margaret Niven	
Assistant New Members Secretary		George Mawer	
Archivist		Ian Debert	
Solicitor		Barrie Murdoch	
Auditor		Chris Sonter	
Search & Rescue Contacts		Bob Younger	57 1158
		Maurie Bloom	525 4698
		Tony Marshall	713 6985
		Bob Hodgson	949 6175
Kosciusko Huts Assn. Delegates		Ian Wolfe	
		Kenn Clacher	
Transport Officer		Les Powell	

NOTE: All Club workers are honorary.

* Indicates members of Committee.

For Annual Subscriptions
see Page 20.

.....A LOAD OF OLD COBBERAS.....



PINCH RIVER TO THREDBO

22 - 29 APRIL, 1989

A joint narrative compiled by the party - Heather Finch, Byll Ord, Adrienne Schilling, Bob Duncan, Bob Niven, Tom Wenman and David Rostron (leader).

Coastal precipitation frightened the participants off an intended Mittagong to Katoomba trek and there was much equivocation about other fields to explore. The leader did a sales pitch (con job?) on the splendour of the Cobberas and the party succumbed to the pressure, together with elemental intervention.

Saturday April 22nd, 1989, found us in the Thredbo car park awaiting our bus. There was much weighing of packs, checking of gear and general pandemonium. We then departed, courtesy of the Cooma Bus Company, for a two-and-a-half-hour scenic bus journey to the Snowy River via Jindabyne and Ingebyra.

We left the bus at a point 4 km south of the Pinch River Junction at map ref. Suggan Buggan (249232). The leader told us there was a good campsite to the west, a short distance up the hill. Nine kilometres and 1100 vertical metres later, he told us there were still only four kilometres to go!! A pack of dingoes was heard howling in the distance. We arrived at a delightful, cleared area near a muddy creek and a loud chain saw. Further exploration, in failing light, removed us from this scene to the worst campsite of the trip on the Ingeegoodbee River.

Day 2

Dawn with cloudy skies and light rain. Attempted to cross the Ingeegoodbee River with dry feet. Adrienne was the only victim of clumsiness and after a confrontation with a rock in the river, emerged with an impressive gaping leg wound. The leader nearly fainted and envisaged spending the remainder of the day enabling Adrienne to recover. However this fortunately not necessary. Our girls were made of sterner stuff than we believed.

We left the trail and sidled around the southern slopes of a peak in limited visibility through an open, delightful eucalypt forest before descending to MacFarlane Creek (148175).

Another 350 metre ascent; more sidling and a drop to the Suggan Buggan River. Swam in the Suggan Buggan River - icy cold.

Day 3

A determined early start to gain the utmost from the day saw us ascending a picturesque ridge from the Suggan Buggan River for 350 metres before the dreadful realisation dawned that we were on the wrong ridge! The leader became a quivering jelly as he was forced to admit that he had made an error the previous day by not taking a compass bearing in limited visibility.

The leader then made the brave decision to descend the depths to James Creek, where the party found a suitable emblem for the progress made that morning: a Rafflesia flower, colloquially know as a "shitting lily". The flower is so named as it attracts blowflies by imitating the smell of faeces.

We ascended the ridge to the Cobberas Trail and followed this west. We met a Victorian

Forestry Commission Ranger en route. We all remarked on the scarcity of fauna; this was confirmed by the ranger as "normal for the area".

Two of the damsels enticed Duncan to eat fresh mushrooms. As we stopped for lunch, Duncan announced he was feeling sick and had an overwhelming urge to regurgitate his mid-morning snack of fresh mushrooms! (This is a general warning not to put anything under Duncan's nose because he is likely to eat it, however poisonous!) A three-hour lunch stop was necessary to allow Robert to recover.

Campsite that night was the best so far. First alpine-type campsite - alpine meadow beneath the Cobberas, full, bright moon. Nought degrees overnight temperature. Flock of twenty gang-gang parrots at dusk. A pleasurable pastime included identifying solar systems and we had the benefit of Bob Niven's erudition in explaining satellites.

Superb sunny days continued, with cold but clear and starry, starry nights.

Day 4

We ascended the south ridge of the Cobberas moving to the west around the base of cliffs, then pushed up through some vegetation, 'thrutched' up some rocks and crossed ledges to emerge on the ridge proper. An easy ascent on snowgrass for the last 130 metres followed.

We reached the summit (1820 m) at 11.00 am and then basked like lizards on rocks, absorbing one of the best wilderness panoramas in the country. Except for some small pockets of cleared land to the distant south-east, wilderness stretched for 100-120 km in all directions with Mount Bogong on the west skyline and Kosciuszko to the north. The Snowy Valley where we had started four days beforehand was in the middle distance 70-80 km away.

The summit ridge of the Cobberas is a bushwalkers' playground, extending over about 2 km with the rocky outcrops of Middle and Half-Moon Peaks at the north end.

Camp was established on a 6-star site on top of the ridge - snowgrass, scattered snowgums and ample water in a soak 10 m away. Meals were enjoyed on the eastern and western terraces a few metres distant, soaking up the glorious vista.

Part of the afternoon was occupied by an airy traverse and scramble on Half-Moon Peak, and then it was back to camp for a leisurely dinner.

The magic of this day - the highlight of the trip - was enhanced by some wonderful singing by Bob Duncan and Tom Wenman that evening. We lower beings - the pseudo singers - remained silent and captivated by the atmosphere in that environment. A day imprinted on the memory forever!

Day 5

Another beautiful day. We sidled around Moscow Peak and ascended Cobberas Two. Had a long lunch and general ablutions in an open alpine meadow with tepid water. Then we descended to Cowombat Flat on a scrubby ridge. Inspection of the wreck of the "Southern Cloud" plane at the clearing. Much hilarity arose during the photographic stop with the party having a foot in both States, straddling the border over the Murray River.

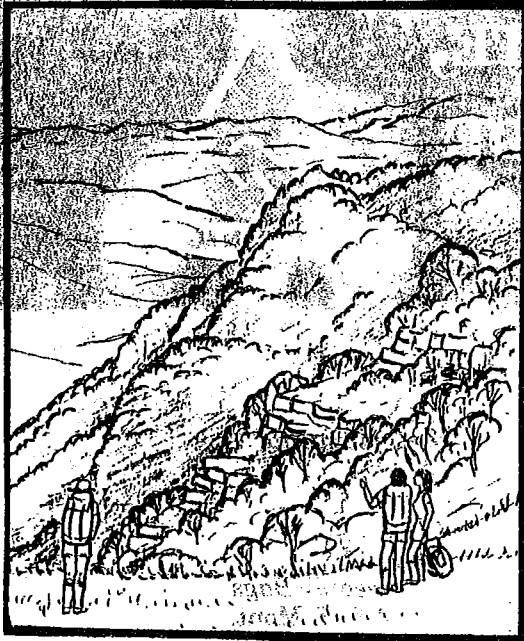
Sauntered up Pilot Creek to another 5-star campsite. Superb campfire location.

Day 6

Ascent to the Pilot; "enchanted forest" - ancient, gnarled tortured, windblown snowgums. Evidence of fire. (N.B. Few sightings of native fauna throughout this trip. Occasional horses seen; proliferation of horse manure even outside of this party! Some evidence of wombat and echidnas via droppings and habitats. Birds seen: Gang-gangs, Currawongs, Rosellas, Magpies, Kookaburras; heard several Lyre Birds.)

Long lunch enjoyed in this attractive snowgum forest. Photos taken of Tom Wenman spitomising the Australian Swaggy/Bushman image were de-romanticised upon the realisation that Tom is a bloody Pom!

Ascent to the Pilot cairn. Views of clearfelled areas were apparent in Victoria. Comments in the Visitors' Book from notables such as Milo Dunphy about the multitude of four-wheel drive vehicles using the trails in the area. Magnificent views otherwise. Travelled



north along the summit ridge and over Little Pilot through another alpine forest. Followed horse trails to Tin Mine Creek. Established camp within a kilometre of the Tin Mine Huts.

Day 7

We awoke to find the temperature minus 3 degrees and the tents covered in ice (frost?). However this was still a prelude to another perfect day weather-wise.

Visit to the Tin Mine Huts where Tom decided to take his 48th superb photo on a 36-print film, only to realise that alas, there was no film in the camera! Furthermore, he had had no film in the camera for the entire trip!

Then followed 18 km along the Cascade Fire Trail through some beautiful Alpine Ash forest. Aroma of eucalypt filled the air.

That night, Heather and Gyll, fearing another freezing night, barricaded themselves in the Cascade Hut with a lacy gaiter. However it was a warmish night - at yet another beautiful campsite.

Day 8

Awoke to a pleasant morning but with high cirrus cloud. A passing ranger advised of an impending change in the weather. We headed north with the intention of going to the Upper Thredbo River Valley and ascending the Chimneys but we were soon enveloped in increasing mist and rain. The next option was an ascent of the Ramsheads to a known 5-star campsite, but by the time we reached Dead Horse Gap, the stalwarts of the party had succumbed to the weather conditions. We retreated to Thredbo to the warmth, decadence and hot showers of an Alpine Lodge.

* * * * *

A SMALL CORRECTION!

In the latest copy of the Federation Newsletter was the Obituary of one of our oldest members, Paul Barnes. I am happy to say that the report of his death had been "greatly exaggerated" because Paul is alive and well. In fact, he and Marj are about to depart for Western Australia where they will spend two months touring five National Parks. As far as Paul can tell, the person who died on May 9th, 1989, was Paul Howard, a long-time member of the N.P.A. but not of S.B.W.

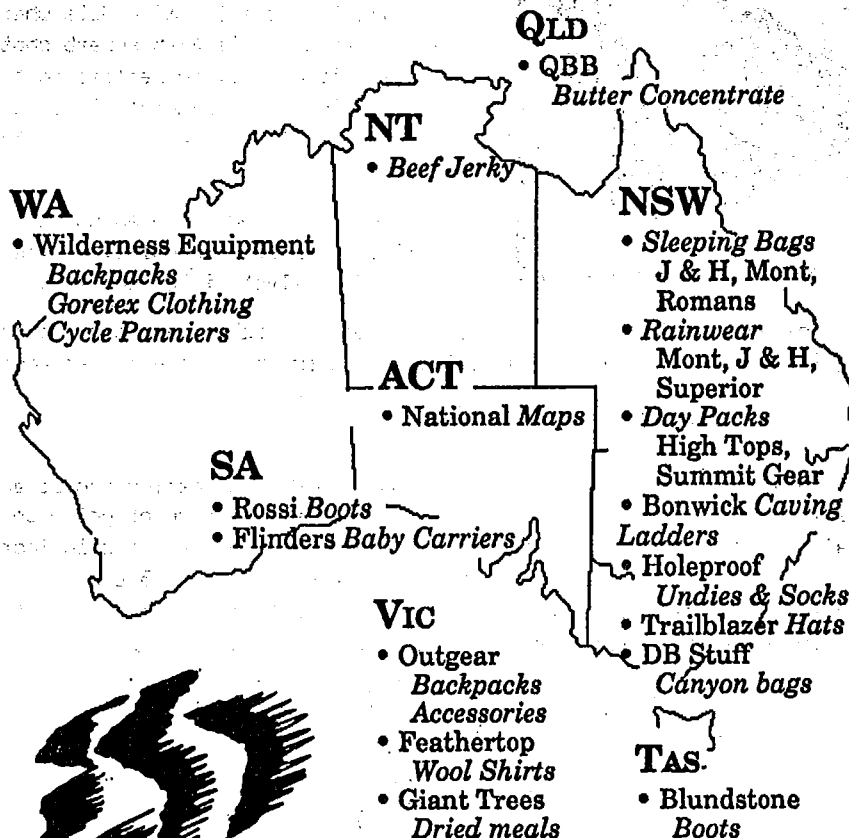
THE EDITOR.



A THEATRE PARTY is being organised by Deborah Shapira for the musical "CHESS" for Wednesday, 9th May. Tickets \$40 each. If interested please phone Deborah on 798 0309.

CONGRATULATIONS to Gordon Lee and Sarala who were married last month. Best wishes from your fellow Club members!

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WHY GO TO THE BUNGLES?



by Jo Van Somers

"Why go to the Bungles?" people say to me. I woke after midnight with lots of mundane things on my mind and much to do the next day, but with the urge to write this story on me. No-one could forget their first sight of these magic mountains. After what seems like days of bumping over rough tracks in a four-wheeled-drive - too long, too hot, too far, too dusty - to swoop up a steep ridge and see the Bungles laid out before us - it was an inforgettable moment.

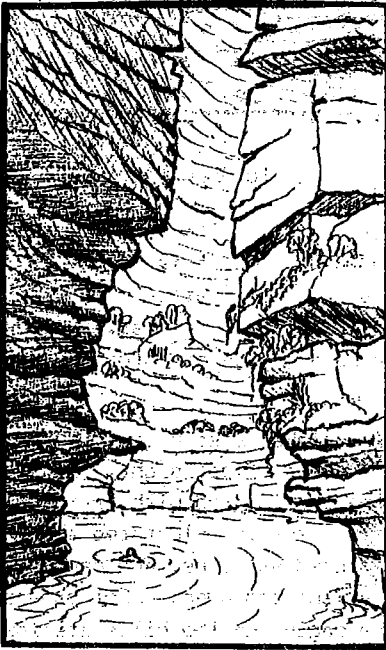
Perhaps you are a lover of rainforest, beach and surf, icy peaks, vast plains; yet you will be converted to admiration of these bare rounded desert hills on first sight. The horizontal bands of black lichen at regular intervals around the body coated with frail orange silicon sands, so fragile that one footstep decays; in ranks and serries clustered and crowded, creating a maze of gullies to explore. Some are captured at once, and cannot resist the siren call of the side canyon, and emerge at last silent and awed. For others, it needs a longer exposure to the ambience of the place. In the beginning the hills are low, crowded together like rounded dancers in pale tu-tu's waiting to surge onto the stage - strange, ethereal, not of this world.

The first camp was made late after a long day of travelling, and I recorded in my diary - "Went to bed a travel-weary old bag and woke a woman in her prime: a tribute to the magic of this place." Some are captured at once; others need exposure to the canyon, the high walls that develop as you walk further into the Piccaninny Gorge. Who knows why it was named so? I like to think it has something to do with the innocent charm of the place, the reward that one gets from children if you give yourself entirely to them, but is withheld if you also hold something back. (This is my way of explaining why not everyone succumbed to the magic spell!).

I remember sitting in front of a vast wall of pink rock, while friends tried to point out to me some aboriginal etchings in the rock. On that face I saw perhaps a hundred things until finally I saw what they were describing. The photographs of that site show the vivid rock face mirrored in a pool of water so blue as to be unbelievable, so still it was almost a sacrilege to swim in it. Floating on your back in the red and blue, it occurs to you to ask how the aboriginals got up there - it is a sheer face - and of course the answer is that the drawings were made when the water was at that level far above you on the sides of the cliff. For one cannot go to the Bungles just when one pleases. You must wait until she is ready. In the Wet the sides of the Gorge are wall-to-wall water and quite impassable; at the end of the Dry there is no water left at all. There are Aboriginal owners of the area, far away at Turkey Creek, which is itself a very long way away from anywhere else, and the owners only visited at the end of the Wet, as the tourists do today.

Such an exciting place! Every day out from the base camp something unexpected, daring, rash, unforgettable. The day we sat in a cathedral-like cavern with the rays of the sun piercing through a hole far up in the roof of the cave - the day we swam and swam through endless mysterious black waters, sometimes with the cave roof just clear of our heads, sometimes beaching on a bank of coarse sand, sometimes coming out into a gap in the folds of the

hills so that the sun shone down onto the water and winked at the entrance to the next pool in the chain, beckoning. But what is this, all females at the end of the swim? We had dared go no further as the roof almost touched the water. Suddenly there is the sound of vigorous kicking, the splashes rebounding in the tunnel, ah, at last we are joined by one of the gentlemen! An endless return, wishing we also had the male's flotation device as well as our natural superiority, emerging at last from the dark hole into which we had plunged, breathless, counting each surfacing head rather anxiously, and glad that our companions had left us some lunch before they explored elsewhere.



Or the mad glad day when we threw aside caution and all our clothes and swam through a long deep cave just to see where it went, and found at the other end a vast beckoning valley where even Russell, who knows the area so well, had not been. Running over red hot rocks without shoes is probably something you have done before, but have you tried plunging through spinifex wearing nary a stitch? The agony is exquisite! It seemed strange to be more concerned about getting sunburn. However, our new valley was not giving everything away at once; every time we had an attack of reasonableness and decided to turn back, it would offer some new enticement, another hint that the hidden way to the top of its slopes would be revealed. But as each promising prospect ended in a cliff, or waterfall, or closed tumble of rocks, and the shadows grew long, we had to return without finding a way up. Here, I might add, the fragile striped crust of the rounded hills at the mouth of the main Gorge is not pervasive, and the prohibition against disturbing the skin by climbing to the tops could theoretically be avoided by sticking to the gullies and sparing the ridges, if only a way could be found.

After our exertions, the bliss of returning to the campsite, a bluff rising out of a deep cold pool, and our own little spot further away, at the warm pool which lost inches from its rim almost while you were watching it. We hung the mosquito net, all the shelter that is required, from a palm on a stretch on sand at the foot of a towering cliff with private waterfall, and made believe that we could stay there forever. The receding pond, and the concave basin of black lichen where the waterfall had been just two weeks before in the wet, served to remind us that we were living on borrowed time. The isolation of the place is very marked at night. Eerie calls come from the canyon, like a cat being tortured. Loud mopeke noises. I decide the next night that the mysterious strangled cry belongs to a cat being killed by a goanna, maybe even the large specimen who is the real owner of our pond and who was sighted at sunrise. The cliff face is full of rock pigeons who give us their opinion of our presence by crashing straight through our campsite palm like missiles. I'm fairly sure there were no dingoes until our roadside camps on the way out.

Supposing my little tale has made you want to visit this amazing place, why would you want to go on a guided tour when you have always been so independent? Well, you'll see more, the cost is very reasonable, and it won't take long to get quite used to being cooked for! If you have a sense of adventure you will appreciate the moment when Russell decides that the stew looks a bit boring, so from the caverns of his mountainous rucksack he brings little bags of this and that, half the contents of an Asian streetstall, ingredients from every part of the globe, frozen and dried objects I suspect even he cannot identify, unexpected delicacies, little dried fish complete with heads and wicked eyes, everything becoming palatable through some mysterious blending process.

Our lot are pretty good at entertaining ourselves (I nearly said around a campfire but these are not allowed in the BUNGLES and there is very little wood anyway) but Russell adds new songs, new stories, in his own inimitable style. I was somewhat surprised to find I could do without a campfire as the moon was so bright and the air so still and warm. Russell likes time to think, and not to be bombarded with the same questions about options and plans that

he has just talked about. So we all learn to interpret Russell-ese. Peter asks "Would this be a good day to wear gaiters?" (note the tactful phraseology), and the reply is "'Would' could be too strong a term". Joan has a better approach - "Ha, Russell's got his gaiters on today, I'll wear mine." Or Chris, our co-leader, "Russell has dropped his pack, it must be lunchtime". I found it very satisfying to have my enthusiasm for the flora reciprocated.

Time to leave our little Paradise. We strolled back down the Gorge, swam in a cold cavernous pool rimmed with waterlilies that looked like the flowers of the wattle. After we turned the right angle of the creek, the beehives return to view, looking quite different now in the morning light. A bumble of Bungles waiting. The waves of river stone follow the same pattern but in grey; one feels like a giant striding over the mountain-tops when one walks on them. The grey river rocks, the brilliant blue water and sky, sheaves of golden wattle, hills the colours of soft dyed homespun fleece, it's all starting to get to me. Is that a tribe of Bungles watching me solitary on their path? Bungles in honeypots waiting to lick me up as I pass their reflection in waterholes? A Bungle family of all sizes. A mogul slope of a most unusual colour and innocent of any snow.

The spell is broken by a helicopter hovering overhead, close enough for the occupants to appreciate the rude sign I acknowledge them with. The vehicles come into view and the Bungle family breathes a sigh of peace as we depart.

* * * * *

AT LANE COVE TOWN HALL - A BUSH DANCE - in aid of Search and Rescue. The date - May 11th. Dancing from 8 pm until midnight, come and give S & R the support they deserve.



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BIKE TRIPPING

BY DOT BUTLER

Part Two... RYLSTONE TO SINGLETON

The 1968 Marathon was from Rylstone to Singleton, which looks like 100 miles on the map, but was more like 120 when you count the ups and downs.

Bike trips can have their hazards - even the departure from Central was fraught with danger - a she-dragon tried to evict us from our seats so she might keep them for her Kempsey regulars. We put forward stiff resistance. The she-guard conferred with a he-guard and we were allowed to keep our seats. The train left at 10.15 pm and soon we were all asleep in our sleeping bags on the seats or on the floor, with Donnie and Lindsay being waffled in the luggage rack.

At 4 o'clock in the dark morning we pulled into Rylstone and heaved the collection of bikes out of the luggage van, then discovered a nice coal fire burning in the waiting room. This was all we needed to decide us that another four hours' sleep would not be out of place. We slept well, and at 8 am we were peddling out of the town. After three false starts we asked directions from a couple of paper boys and eventually found ourselves on the road we were to follow for the next two and a half days, up hill and down dale, through the rough and the smooth, all the way to Singleton.



REPAIRS ALONG THE WAY

It was perfect weather for cycling, no glare due to a light cloud cover, but not cold. The prevailing westerly, when it blew, was always at our backs, and the overall drop from Mount Monundilla (4,000 odd feet) down to Singleton at a mere 137 feet, meant that there was decidedly more downhill than uphill.

We had not been going long out of Rylstone when we got into the mud, which made for slippery going, and Rosso got the first puncture of the day. At a sawmill we saw the chance of water and the first arrivals demanded lunch, but Ross is made of sterner stuff and he insisted we push on for another hour or so. So we all shoved our lunch back into our packs and continued on to the top of Mount Coricudgy.

After lunch we rode on, with some pretty steep climbs, but also some marvellous coasting downhill. This was what tested the brakes. One boy's brakes didn't work so he did most of his downhills sitting side-saddle, ready to leap off if he got out of control. We whizzed down the boulder-strewn hillside, coasting effortlessly through the bushland with the birds shouting in the trees and an occasional wallaby

hopping across the track. One of the boys saw a large black dingo-type dog, and Wade spotted a wombat.

We rode on via the Kekeelbons, to camp the night in a couple of caves. It was a good thing our scouting party found these because it rained during the night and we didn't have tents. We lit a fire at both ends of the cave so that no matter which way the wind blew we had smoke in the cave. Water was scooped from a nearby trickle, but as this soon dried up we got the morning water from puddles up on the trail.

Roger got off early as he was determined to get through that day and get back to work. I was next away. All was quiet in the still bushland, when I suddenly came across a little brown animal padding down the track in front of me. It didn't suspect my presence and I was able to ride quietly right up to it. It was a little yellow spotted native cat, the first I have ever seen. As I passed it, it made a stupendous leap for cover and disappeared down the hillside.

Soon the party was on its way, with a few prangs on the downhill run. Norman, who had been riding his bike to school every day for twelve years, didn't get off on any of the hills, but the rest of us occasionally dismounted. We were all together for lunch at a little dry creek where we managed to find water eventually. It became a race against time to catch the two o'clock train back to Sydney. Five got to the station with plenty of time to spare as the train left one hour late.



"JUST A SMALL OBSTACLE!"

When we started to rise above the creek and the air became warmer we called a halt by what looked like a nice level patch of grass. We decided to camp here and get the morning train. The grass turned out to be weeds full of burrs. We collected water from a wayside puddle by the light of a burning branch, consumed what was left of our food - mainly popcorn - then into the sleeping bags. It sprinkled slightly in the night which sent me off in a vain search up the creek for caves, but nothing offered so we put our groundsheets over us and slept on. In the morning Ross found a good cave just up the hillside.

We ate the rest of the popcorn for breakfast and took to the road again. A pleasant unhurried ride of five miles brought us into Bulga. We made straight for the restaurant. Dave, in his eagerness to get in, forgot he was carrying his mudguards crosswise in his pack like a Viking's horns and wondered why he couldn't get through the door. We drank pints of milk while the proprietor rang the station and found that our train left at 1 pm.

This gave us several hours to do the thirteen miles, with most of it downhill. It was good to see the lush countryside in daylight. Into Singleton with plenty of time to spare. We chased around to the meat pie shop, then a nice leisurely trip home.

There were a few excuses to be made to the Boxx for a day's absence from work, but bushwalkers' Bosses seem to be getting conditioned to this, and what is one lost day in the laboratory or office compared with the memories of a mighty trip that will last all one's life!

* * * * *

THAT TIGER AGAIN..... Those of you who were lucky enough to hear the talk given by Peter Treseder would enjoy reading Australian Geographic No.17. It contains a detailed account of the Cape York to Wilsons Promontory marathon, complete with a reproduction of Peter's gigantic map.

We others had disintegrated into two parties. About five miles out of Bulga darkness overtook us. We had a chat with the drivers of two landrovers which hove out of the darkness with headlights gleaming. They offered to help but we didn't need it. So we pushed on. Riding along by the dark creek was exciting. We couldn't see where we were going so just trusted to luck. The chill air from the creek kept us on the move. White ghost gums gleamed with an almost luminous glow among the river growth.

When we started to rise above the creek and the air

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

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Walking in the Top End (The Northern Territory and Western Australia) : Keep River, Bungle Bungle and Kakadu National Parks: May-June 1989 - Part III: Kakadu NP - Koolpin Gorge to Twin Falls Gorge

(Third Week : 21st May to 27th May 1989)

Jan Mohandas

Sunday 21st May 1989: This venture involved transporting 26 walkers (two groups of 13) from Darwin to Kakadu NP and back. From the new arrivals, Rob joined our group on Neil's request to form a perennial singing duo. Chris Cox and Kim Brennan were our guides. Andrew Griffiths was the guide for the second group. Both groups did the same 2-week Kakadu circle trip, but in opposite directions. Our party went anti-clockwise from Koolpin gorge to the Twin falls gorge (first week) and then to UDP falls (second week). The second group went clockwise from UDP falls to Twin falls gorge (first week) and then to Koolpin gorge (second week). We, except Kim, left Darwin at 8.30 am in two vehicles (a bus and a Pajero wagon) and reached UDP falls in Kakadu NP at 1.30 pm. Kim joined us there. Both parties had lunch, had food distributed, had swims and got ready to leave the UDP falls car park at 3.00 pm. Two vehicles were needed to take our party to the starting point, 30 km away, near Koolpin gorge. The Pajero was driven by Russell and Kim took his Toyota 4WD hilux utility. Andrew accompanied us, to drive back the utility, after giving instructions to Mori Bloom to start the walk for his party from UDP falls car park and promised to join them afterwards. We drove through several creeks with water. At some stage we travelled through areas where the grass was still on fire. Russell pointed out to us several sites with huts and old machinery, where uranium mines were operating only a few years ago. The second half of the road was very rough and the vehicles hit rocks underneath on several occasions. We reached the car park near Koolpin gorge at 4.30 pm. The fuel tank in the Pajero was damaged and had a serious leak. Russell tried to fix it with some soap but it didn't work. Then he decided to drive off to get as far away as possible. Andrew followed Russell in the hilux to get to UDP falls in order to rejoin his party. We left to go to Koolpin gorge and walked along Koolpin creek to go upstream and stopped to camp at 5.00 pm below the first waterfall in the gorge. Several of us went to admire the waterfalls, by then looking magnificent under the evening sun. After swims we stayed around there enjoying the scenery. There was plenty of dry driftwood around for a nice campfire. Neil and Rob, the singing duo, certainly made the evening very lively.

Monday, 22nd May 89: We left the campsite after 8.00 am and continued to walk upstream with Koolpin

creek on our left and had several swims in beautiful pools. At about 10.15 am we had a rest for half an hour and morning tea. After leaving, we were travelling towards north. Chris took us to an aboriginal artsite at about 11.15 am. It was getting very warm and we stopped again at 11.35 am and had more swims. There were many gum trees with orange flowers (*Eucalyptus mineata* or commonly known as Darwin woolly-butt) all around. We walked along a side creek in an easterly direction. For the first time we saw a wild buffalo, about 50 metres ahead facing us. All of us stopped suddenly and the buffalo stood there watching us. We wondered what it was going to do next. After a few minutes, it turned around and took off to get away from us. Buffalo tracks were everywhere and we used them for easy walking and reached Koolpin creek again by 1.00 pm. We had plenty of swims, lunch and siesta. We left Koolpin creek at 2.30 pm to travel in an easterly direction towards a high point with large rocks at the top. We left the packs below and climbed up from the east to the top (about 100 metres). We came back at about 4.00 pm, picked up a creek further east and followed it upstream towards north. After reaching the saddle we walked about 2 km and got to a beautiful location in Koolpin creek. So many large rock platforms with water cascading down and plenty of beautiful pools for swimming. Everyone enjoyed camping in that absolutely serene wilderness.

Tuesday, 23rd May 89: We left at 8.00 am with Koolpin creek on our left to go upstream. The junction of the two main tributaries of Koolpin creek was not far from where we were. We cut across east to pick up the main tributary of Koolpin creek which came from our right as we went upstream, through speargrass which was now low. We reached the creek at 9.00 am and had lots of water to drink and left to go further upstream. It was flat walking, following buffalo tracks. Often we saw leaves enclosed into nests of green ants. These green ants were everywhere and nobody escaped their bite. The temperature reached 25 degrees. We left after a rest at 9.45 am and crossed over, with the creek on our right, and walked through speargrass in a flat area beside the creek for a while until we came to a fork in the creek. Both creeks had plenty of water, but not enough for swimming. Time was 10.10 am. Chris chose the side creek on our left. The creekbed was becoming rocky (small rocks) and the creek turned into a small stream. At 10.30 am we

stopped for morning tea and had a dip in the water, lying down flat. On both sides of the creek, there were higher grounds. No flat area on the left, but a wide flat area on the right. We left at 11.10 am and stopped for an early lunch at noon. Chris was carrying a stove, which we used to make cups of tea and coffee at lunchtime. Where we stopped for lunch it was a monsoon forest. After lunch we left at 1.40 pm. We got to the saddle at about 2.00 pm. Then we started walking downstream along a small creek with water, which eventually joined up with the minor tributary of the Twin Falls creek. We could see that water was coming from rocks in the saddle area. At 3.00 pm recent buffalo hoof marks were evident along Twin Falls creek. We crossed the creek on several occasions. All around us it was monsoon forest. Easy to walk through. A bit far away there were speargrass areas. At about 4.00 pm we came to a relatively flat rainforest area with tall trees and a small pool nearby and Chris decided to camp there. It was a beautiful spot, in the monsoon forest with plenty of huge but magnificent *Allysoncarpla ternata* trees and other large and small trees all around. There were plenty of beautiful birds wherever we went in Kakadu. We had a delightful campfire and everyone sat around telling stories and jokes and had a long session of singing.

Wednesday, 24th May 89: We left at 8.10 am and walked downstream with Twin Falls creek on our left, through speargrass plains travelling northeast. We crossed the creek soon and at a rocky outcrop we saw some aboriginal paintings. Along the banks of the creek, tall and green magnificent trees provided good shade to walk under. Soon we found another aboriginal artsite. We stopped there in the shade at about 9.30 am. We had plenty of swims and a long rest there. There were signs of damage caused by wild pigs. Here and there one could see termite hills. So many different kinds of birds making all kinds of delightful noises. We left at 10.00 am and walked towards north. There were many recently used buffalo holes and beautiful billabongs with water lily in full bloom. We continued to walk downstream with the creek on our right. At 11.00 am we stopped at a shady area and had morning tea. Temperature was 30 degrees. There was also another kind of orange flowered gum tree, *Eucalyptus phoenicea*, and equally attractive as *Eucalyptus mineata*. One of the major attractions of Kakadu was the large variety of flowers seen everywhere. We left at 11.40 am. The creek we were following downstream joined up with the major tributary of the Twin falls creek coming from the eastern side. We walked on and stopped (12.30 pm) about 400 metres from the junction of the two creeks, near a broad flat area where the creek was cascading down, under the shade of a large number of tall trees. Being such a beautiful spot we decided to spend some time there, have lunch and stay away from

the sun and then walk to the camping area. Rob and a number of others had a go at liloing down the cascades. Kim found a camping area about 200 metres downstream in a large sandy area. A number of us left to look at the artsites at 3.00 pm. The major tributary of Twin falls creek split into two near the junction, one of them joined the minor tributary and the other joined further downstream, forming a sandy island (where we camped). We walked along the creek upstream, behind the camping area, crossed over the arm which was at the junction and walked upstream about 1 Km along the major tributary of the Twin Falls creek on the western side. There were several rocky areas in that location. We spread out to look for artsites. The first one with paintings was only about 500 metres from the junction. So many excellent drawings, full size Kangaroos and others which we could not recognize. We continued on. There was about 500 metres gap between the first artsite we saw and the next location of rocks, with flat grassy area in between. In the second group we saw so many excellent paintings. By that time it was getting very hot (about 4.30 pm) and almost everyone was looking for a shady spot to cool down. Bill went on exploring further interior and came back later and took us over to a fantastic artgallery. Marvellous paintings, so many of them. We were overwhelmed by the sheer beauty of these paintings. We got back to the lunch spot at 5.15 pm, picked up the packs and proceeded to the campsite. Everyone went swimming in the large pool adjacent to the campsite. A very enjoyable evening around the campfire.

Thursday, 25th May, 89: We left at 8.15 am and walked downstream on the eastern side of the creek on rock platforms and through thick bush. The creek became wide with several large pools. On the way we saw the first fresh water crocodile, only the size of an arm. We stopped at about 10.00 am for morning tea. It was very hot in the open. Everyone found some shade for a bit of reprieve from the heat. Rob, Bill, Sue, Peter and Neil tried out the rapids on lilos. Others went swimming. We continued on towards the first big waterfall in Twin Falls creek. This waterfall was not one of the Twin falls. The waterfall itself was big and impressive. That location around the waterfall, according to Kim, was one of the most scenic places in the whole of Kakadu. Many of us scrambled down the rockface beside the waterfall, without packs, had a dip in the water and enjoyed the view towards the waterfall. We returned up the rockface for lunch at 12.45 pm. We had a long rest on a large rockledge on the western side which was under the shade and left at 3.30 pm to get to the other side of the large pool below the waterfall. Ray and I climbed up the broken rock hill, about 100 metres high, and took a long route to achieve that. The rest of the party went down the slippery rockface and got

themselves and the packs across the pool. Everyone had a great time, liloing and swimming in that beautiful pool. Further downstream it started to look like a gorge with high walls on both sides. We left at 4.30 pm and walked through that gorge with the creek on our left. The campsite was reached at 5.30 pm and it was a sandy bank of about 10 metres high. That was a delightful spot for swimming and for enjoying the beauty of Kakadu. Around the campfire everyone had great fun. Rob, Neil and Judy started singing early in the evening and others joined in later.

Friday, 26th May 89: We had a late start that morning and left only at 9.40 am to walk downstream with the creek on our left. We stopped after crossing the creek at the end of that gorge. The view towards the gorge was very beautiful. We left at about 10.10 am. The river banks opened up and the river bed started to become rocky. We crossed the creek again at about 10.30 am and now the creek was flowing on our left. There were rough rocks, smooth rocks, sandy areas and small pools. We stopped at a shady spot with a nice pool nearby for morning tea at 10.45 am. Kim went snorkelling and picked up a small turtle (1 foot long) from the bottom of the pool. We only had to go for another 4 km or so to a location near the top of the Twin Falls to camp. We left that spot at 11.40 am and crossed the creek again in 15 minutes. We found an excellent sandy camping area, left the packs in the shade, took cameras and food for lunch and proceeded towards the Twin falls, about 500 metres downstream. The Twin Falls were spectacular. From the top one could see the first waterfall and the immense gorge with large pools. After spending some time watching and admiring the falls from above, the whole party assembled under a tree on the eastern side near the top rock platform. Chris and Kim told us that we had to go through a break in the rock to go down below the first small waterfall and then we could steadily proceed all the way down in a zigzag manner to the location just above the big waterfall. It was necessary to chimney down carefully to get below the split in the rock. Kim went down first and helped everyone. We wandered around looking at the two waterfalls and the gorge from different locations, came back, had lunch and swims and after couple of hours returned via the same break in the rocks. After that we went to a fantastic artsite high above the hill on the eastern side of the waterfall. Then we returned to the campsite and went swimming. Then it was time to recall the events of the day, particularly, the scenery near the Twin falls and the fabulous paintings in the artsite, while sitting around a pleasant campfire.

Saturday, 27th May 89: Last night three of us (Jim, Rob and I) decided to go through the gorge early to make the 24 km optional trip to Jim Jim falls. Jim, Rob, Patrick, Kim and I left the camping spot at 7.30

am. Patrick came with us to provide support for Kim to get us through the large pools in the Twin falls gorge. After reaching the high spot on the western side of the Twin falls, we saw two gullies, one further to the west. Kim chose the gully closer to us and showed us later on that the other gully abruptly ended in a big drop. Just before descending, we climbed up to a high point between the gully and the Twin falls which provided excellent views of the gorge. When we got to the bottom of the gully, we had to go around a wet and slippery rock with a sheer drop (10 metres) into the pool below. We learnt later that we could have used the narrow passageway between that rock and the high wall on the western side. After swimming across the large pool below the waterfall, we went around the rocks on our right to avoid swimming the next two pools. Then came the long pool. We swam across to the end of the gorge and then Kim and Patrick went back to the start of the gorge to help the rest of the party. Kim told us there were fresh water crocodiles in Twin falls creek in the gorge, but we didn't see any. Jim, Rob and I walked to the Twin falls car park at 9.30 am and left to go to Jim Jim falls, 12 km away. We reached the falls at noon. It was a spectacular waterfall, about 160 metres high. We all had swims in the pools below and had lunch sitting on the rocks, enjoying that waterfall. We left at 1.30 pm and walked back along the fire trail. We met Ray going to Jim Jim falls after a late start to come through the Twin falls gorge. Further on we were overtaken by Russell's Nissan Patrol, driven by Mirium. It was loaded with food for the two parties for the second half of the walk. We met the rest of the party at about 4.00 pm and crossed the Twin falls creek to camp on the western side. The second party had set up camp about 200 metres away from our campsite. Like us they also had a great time doing the first half of the walk in the Kakadu wilderness. Chris and Kim sorted out the food items for each one of us to carry. Russell had sent chops and fresh vegetables for dinner as well as plenty of wine. Mirium and Chris cooked baked potatoes, ratatouille, baked pumpkin and chops. Dinner was followed by portwine. All that time Rob, Neil and Judy were singing away. Others joined in later. Mirium told us that Russell managed to reach Darwin in his Pajero with the leaking fuel tank, after several refuelling stops on the way. Andrew came over to have a chat with us and stayed for a while. Many went early to sleep and some hardy ones stayed late singing. A small party led by Kim went in the night to look for fresh water crocodiles. We heard later that they did see some red eyes staring at them.

Note: Maps (1:100,000) used were the National Topographic Map series: Jim Jim (Sheet 5471, edition 1) and Mundogie (Sheet 5371, edition 1), both of Northern Territory. 1:50,000 maps are now available for the areas covered by the above 1:100,000 maps.

MAILBAG

from PATRICK JAMES
(aged 30+)

The annual reports for the 1990 AGM indicate that the membership of the Club is getting smaller and older. All organisations need to grow, either at a rate to offset natural wastage or at a higher rate to actually expand. The decline in membership will not change unless we do something about it.

The problem is that Club membership is getting older in years and smaller in numbers. The solution is to attract and retain increasing numbers of younger, active walkers. To attract prospective members I suggest that we have information sheets at all of the city and suburban bush sport shops, that we advertise in the likes of "Metro" (Sydney Morning Herald on Fridays), bush sport magazines and other suitable journals. This may only require a limited advertising campaign in every second issue of the publications.

Our rules for prospective membership are reasonable and may remain unchanged. Where there is provision for Committee discretion I believe this should be exercised with the foremost intention of retaining prospectives. The hospitality we offer prospectives leaves room for improvement. Not just the New Members Secretary but we all should make our prospectives feel like welcome and valued guests. It must be quite daunting for an uncertain prospective to enter, and perhaps be ignored by, a room full of very mature bushwalkers.

A vibrant, vital Club can only result from a more youthful membership. To achieve such a membership we must all work together to attract and retain younger people. As we do this we will also attract and retain the normal cross section of people who are interested in the Club. If the average age decreased by say five years it would do us all a world of good. Think of it, if we don't do something positive who will organise the Reunion and nostalgia nights when we are getting ready to hang up our volleys?

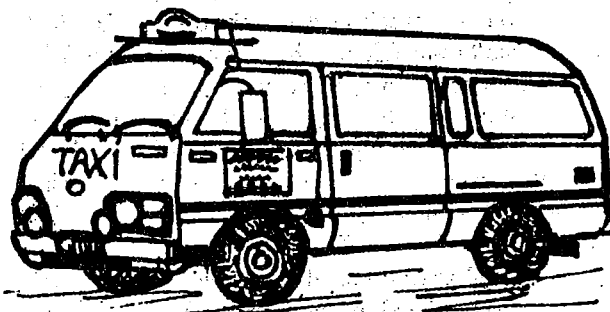
[The Committee has approved an advertisement to attract young campers. This will be displayed in as many camping stores as possible. As for being friendly towards newcomers - well, are we or aren't we? Come on folks, you tell me. EDITOR]

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MAIL BAG



In 1957 I bought a Paddy made A-frame pack. After one or two weekend trips distinguished by the searing pain in the back of my neck and cut shoulders, I left the delights of the bush to the 'happy-go-lucky lads' and one or two lasses, made of sterner stuff.

I say one or two lasses, as 1940's photos of the SBW Tigers show only two women. I have talked to a few now-elderly women club members, who found the trips gruelling, the food appalling and the gear awkward and inadequate. They called themselves The Rabbits, and after those youthful trips, most gave up extended trips.

Not so I. After a 15-year recovery spell, I dragged out the A-frame, bought a Paddy Era tent, high-tech telescopic aluminium poles and plastic groundsheet, then again ventured forth. It was agony in neck and shoulders.

Undaunted, the call of the bush took me to my SBW test walk in 1979. Right, this will be really lightweight - no tent or even a fly, no foamy and a bare minimum of food. I made it! But it was a small piece of advice given by the leader which made me a regular and enthusiastic walker - a hip belt.

This latest high-tech wonder was attached to my H-frame Paddy pack and I became a walking advertisement for APC powders - no neck pain! Ten years later I'm carrying my latest whiz-bang hich pack, hardly knowing it's there as I boulder-hop, rock scramble and bush-bash along with the other happy-go-lucky lads and lasses - looking forward to a tasty dinner, total comfort on my soft dry Thermarest and in our warm, light-weight zip-up tent.

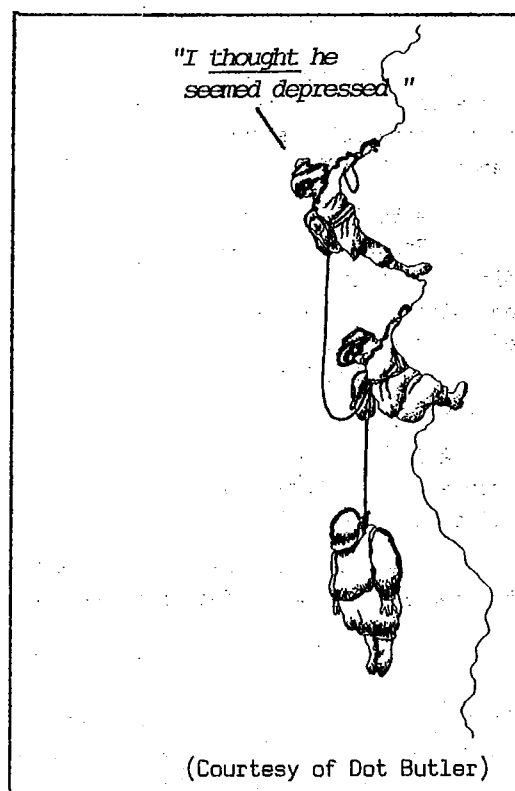
And I still call that adventure.

AINSLIE MORRIS

(A phone call to Ainslie revealed that at the start of a walk her pack weighs only 7 - 8 kilograms. Very different from the 20 kg loads I have seen on some recent walks, and which were, of course, the cause of my comment. ED.)



(In memory of Crayfish Ck.)



(Courtesy of Dot Butler)

THE FEBRUARY GENERAL MEETING

by Barry Wallace

The meeting began at around 2021 with some 15 or so members present and the President in the chair. There were no apologies, but there were two new members to welcome. Maryke Jonkman and Patricia Manuscu came forward and were welcomed in the usual way.

The Minutes of the previous meeting were read with no matters arising.

Correspondence brought a letter from Pam Allen acknowledging our letter regarding the Nattai Foundation and a letter from Warwick Blayden requesting that he be permitted to borrow the Club minute books, one at a time, to permit research. The Committee has already agreed to this request. There were also outgoing letters to the new members.

The Treasurer's Report indicated that we received income of \$322.50, expended \$1,428.94 and closed with a balance of \$1,441.72. The rather high outgoings were largely comprised of rates for Coolana.

The Walks Report was presented by the Walks Secretary and it went like this. Over the weekend of 20,21 January Frank Woodgate's Brisbane Waters trip had no report. Jim Percy's Waterfall to Heathcote walk was conducted as a clean-up, with some 20 or so emus parading the beaches and retrieving lots of not-so-lovely rubbish. The FBW Search & Rescue based clean-up attracted 11 SBW - Gordon will be pleased!

The Australia Day weekend saw Deborah Shapira leading a group of 9 to 10 people on her Jagungal walk. It seems the weather was cool to cold and there were some indecisive folk about. Bill Holland's Corroboree Flat trip went, with a party of 7 and George Mawer as leader.

The weekend of 2,3,4 February saw "no goes" for Oliver Crawford's Colo trip and Ian Debert's Yalwal Hawaiian Gourmet weekend. Not only that, but Jo Marton deferred his Faulconbridge to Springwood walk on the Sunday. It was a wet, wet weekend.

The following weekend, February 9,10,11 Greta Davis cancelled her Zobels Gully trip but Les Powell reported 9 starters making heavy going of it in the rain on Friday night, but managing to make the distance on his Rocky Waterholes Creek trip. Kenn Clacher even had to shorten his Lagoon Creek - Wheeney Gap day walk because of the flooding. There were 13 starters on that one. Jan Mohandas's Erskine Creek trip was a mystery to the Walks Secretary, and the meeting, but we did notice that it did offer "plenty of swimming".

The Walks Report was followed by a collection of slides taken on recent trips.

As to the FBW Report for this month, it seems there has been no meeting since we last had a report. There was mention of the fact that FBW Search & Rescue section can provide explanatory letters for presentation to one's employer. These explain that S & R is a member of the SRA, which is a formally constituted rescue body under state legislation.

The Social Secretary was reported to be somewhere in New Zealand so we passed on the Social Report. The Conservation Secretary was present and reported on a recent meeting of MIttagong Council which Mr. Schloss had been invited to attend. It seems there was some opposition to the proposed features of the Barallier Trail. Alex also presented a draft of a letter which he proposed to send to NPA chiding them for the qualified nature of their support for the Nattai National Park proposal. The meeting agreed that the letter should indeed be sent.

A letter from Baradine Field Naturalists has brought the welcome news that NPWS now propose to purchase about 3/4 of the property "Wheo Peak" near Coonabarabran. Alex is to write to the Hon. Tim Moore MLA, the relevant Minister, supporting the proposal.

Of General Business there was nil, so after the announcements the President declared the meeting closed. The time was 2114.

* * * * *

NEW MEMBERS - Three new members were admitted to the Club at the March Committee meeting. Their names, addresses and phone numbers will appear in next month's magazine.

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

by Dot Butler

The NOSTALGIA NIGHT on February 28 attracted over 60 people, mostly older members (and ex members) amongst whom were at least six past presidents.

Amongst memorabilia of Taro, Marie Byles and George Davison, old 3-pocket packs and maps and compasses were a number of photo albums from the 1930s. The highlight undoubtedly was Reg Alder's magnificent display of captioned photographs taken over the decades. His old transparencies from the beginning of colour contrasted with more recent ones of finer grain brought home forcibly how colour has improved over the years.

Our thanks to all who contributed to the evening, especially to ever-willing young Les Powell who hopped up on tables to string up exhibits, saw to the erection of the screen and the lights.

It was an evening for the oldies but the newer younger members who didn't come missed a worth having glimpse of the Club's past.

LIGHTWEIGHT FOOD

by Kath Brown

On weekend trips or longer, it is desirable to take lightweight food. One item that hasn't been mentioned recently but which in times past I found very useful is - EGGS. Eggs are only about 65 grams each, are very nourishing, can be cooked in different easy ways (boiled, fried, scrambled), and, if you like eggs which most people do, are a tasty addition to a meal. They can even be eaten uncooked - as an eggnog, which on a rainy morning makes for an easy breakfast.

The big problem for some people, however, is how to carry eggs? Well, it is just a simple matter of wrapping each egg in a square of newspaper and then carrying them in your billy - of course it is also necessary to take a small bag (calico?) to hang them up in when you want to use the billy. If you need to carry four or more, why not carry them in the cardboard container that you buy them in? On a long trip I have carried 12 eggs this way with no breakages. And even if they do get cracked - well, you have to crack them anyway before you cook them.

So, please consider taking eggs on your next overnight trip. A small rasher of bacon with a fried egg and dehydrated vegetables is very easy to cook - and VERY TASTY.

THE GOOD EGG!

by Jim Brown

Relating to Kath's comment about carrying whole eggs on a walk. . . . Having had (or refused) dried egg for breakfast daily for about four years (1941-45), I steadfastly refused to contemplate powdered eggs. Once, on a private walk with then President, Tom Moppett, looking at places where timber-cutters had invaded the Mark Morton Reserve, we were descending off the western end of Mount Carrialoo (nothing to do with porta-loos), when I fell backwards about three metres off a small cliff and then rolled another ten metres downhill through thick scrub. I was scratched and lacerated from thigh to ankle, the frame of my A-pack buckled, the billy in which I had an egg for Easter Monday morning became an oval billy: the egg, wrapped in a 10 cm square of newspaper, was undamaged and I boiled it by Yarrunga Creek next morning before Tom and I did the long bash into Tallong via Purnoo Lookout and Caoura.

The ELLA COMMUNITY CENTRE are having a GALA DAY on 12th May to raise money for the purchase of a special bus for the disabled. If you would like to help them make this day a success, contact the Centre on 798 5140 or 798 5431. You might like to run a raffle or a sausage sizzle - or send a cheque!

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS - 1990

The following annual subscriptions were decided at the Annual General Meeting held on Wednesday 14th March 1990:-

Single active member	\$30	
Household	\$48	
Non-active member	\$ 9	Entrance fee \$5
" " " plus magazine	\$21	
Magazine subscription only	\$12	

According to the Constitution subscriptions must be paid no later than six months from the beginning of the Club's financial year, i.e. 1st January. The Treasurer would appreciate early payment.

The S. & R. BUSH DANCE held by the Confederation on Friday 11th May at Lane Cove Town Hall is to have a party from SBW organised by DENISE SHAW - 922 6093.

COME AND SEE NEW ZEALAND - as Jim Oxley saw it. Having fallen in love with The Land of The Long White Cloud, Jim keeps going back for yet another trip. His collection of slides gets better each time - come and see why he keeps returning. The date - **APRIL 18th.**



A SLIDE NIGHT TO REMEMBER.... when Jan Mohandas and other members of his Great Top End Trek show the last of their slides. The date? 25th April. Cancel all other engagements!

(Although this is a public holiday - Anzac Day - the Clubroom will be open.)

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Non-active Member plus magazine				\$21
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(NOTE: Last year 50 people paid twice! Do not forward a remittance if previously paid.)

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